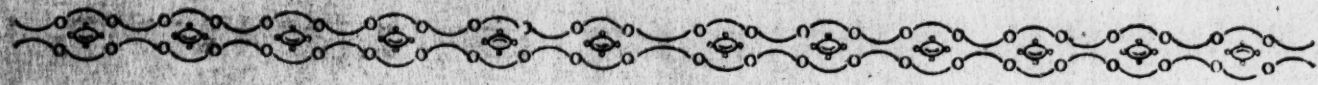


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A N

ELECTION BALL

IN
POETICAL LETTERS,

I N T H E

ZOMERZETSHIRE DIALECT.

Printed at Stationer's Hall.

By the AUTHOR of the NEW BATH GUIDE.



*THE Profits which may arise from the Publication of the first
Five Hundred Copies of this Pamphlet (if so many should be
disposed of) will be applied to the Relief of the poor Prisoners con-
fined in the new Goal at Bath, and their distressed Families.*

 Enter'd at Stationer's-Hall.

A N
ELECTION BALL

I N
Poetical Letters,

I N T H E
ZOMERZETSHIRE DIALECT,

FROM
Mr. I N K L E, a Freeman of BATH,

T O
His W I F E at GLOCESTER:

WITH A
POETICAL ADDRESS

To JOHN MILLER, Esq.

At BATHEASTON VILLA.

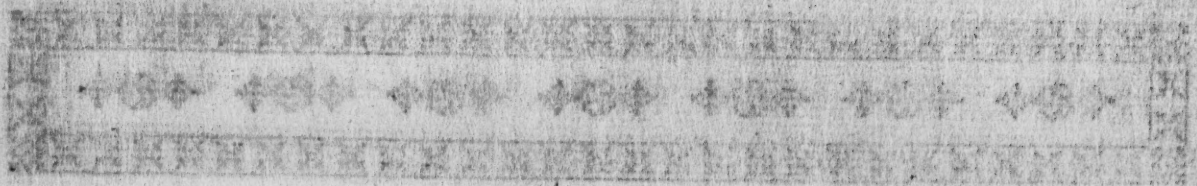
12/9/

By the AUTHOR of the NEW BATH GUIDE.

Printed for the A U T H O R,
By S. HAZARD, BATH;

And sold by DODSLEY, *Pall-Mall*, and WILKIE, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, LONDON;
FLETCHER and HODSON, at CAMBRIDGE; and by S. HAZARD, and all the
other Bookfellers at BATH.

M.DCC.LXXVI.



T H E
F I R S T O D E

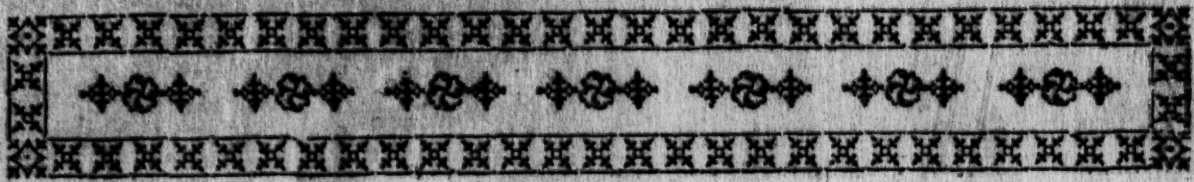
O F T H E
F I R S T B O O K

O F
H O R A C E
M E T A N I A T E M
I M I T A T E D.



M E T A N I A T E M
B

O F P R O P R I E T A R Y R I G H T S



Q. HORATII FLACCI
ODE

ODE LIB. I.

FIRST BOOK

AD

HORACE
MÆCENATEM.

IMITATED

MÆCENAS, *atavis edite regibus,*

O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum:



T H E
F I R S T O D E
O F T H E
F I R S T B O O K
O F
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

To JOHN MILLER, Esq.

MILLER, 'whom fair Ierne bore
To grace Britannia's happier Shore,
'Whose Genius guides, whose Counsel guards
The Labours of Bathonian Bards,

Sunt, quos ³curriculo pulverem Olympicum

⁴Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis

Evitata rotis: palmaque nobilis

⁵Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos.

Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium

Certat ⁶tergeminis tollere honoribus:

⁷Illum, si proprio condidit horreo

Survey Mankind, and each you'll view
His various Path of Joy pursue.

There are, in ³Phaetons who smoke ye,
⁴Collecting Dust enough to choke ye,
With Elbows square, and nodding Heads,
And long-tail'd scrambling Quadrupeds
Whip round the Post--turn sharp--cut neat--
Despise--and frighten all they meet;
Or studious of th' Olympic Races,
Keep *half* a running Horse at *Scrace's,
Hedging, and Odds, and Bets their Theme--
By which *some knowing ones*, I deem,
With Zones around their Necks have vaulted
⁵Tow'rd's Heav'n, above their peers exalted.

The Alderman who pants to grace
⁶The golden Chain, the Sword, and Mace;
⁷Or griping Hunks, whose Barns contain
Full many a Year's well-hoarded Grain,

C

* The Riding-School at BATH.

Quidquid de Libycis venit Areis and Survey Mankind,

His various Path of Joy pursue.

⁸*Gaudentem patrios findere Sarculo*

Agros⁹ Attalicis conditionibus

Nunquam dimoveas, ut¹⁰ trabe Cypria¹¹

Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

Luculentem Icaris fluctibus Africum

Mercator metuens, otium, & oppidi

Laudat rura sui :

The Alderman who pants to grace

The golden Chain, the Sword, and Mace;

Or gripping Hanks, whole Banns contain

Full many a Year's well-hoarded Grain.

⁸Yet anxious to encrease his Store,
 Grubs his paternal Fields for more,
 Would ne'er the boist'rous Waves be tost on,
 To meet their dearest Friends at Boston,
⁹Though all the Treasures were consign'd them,
 Her hapless Exiles leave behind them,
¹⁰In stoutest Bark would ne'er sustain,
¹¹The Horrors of th' Atlantic Main.

¹²Secure from Wars, and dangerous Seas
 Colonel Jaghire enjoys his Ease ;
 Buys Land, and Beeves, with Indian Gold,
 Which some poor English 'Squire has sold ;
 Kings, Lords, and Commons he defies,
¹³" The Town is all my own, he cries,
 " That curst Climate I've been hurt in,
 " And Nabob-making grows uncertain—
 " This snug retreat I'm safe from harm in,—
 " How sweet that Wood! that Lawn how charming!"
 But ah ! his Passion soon returns,
 With restless flames his Bosom burns ;

Yet anxious to encounter
Gains his paternal Fields for more,

Would ne'er the bold
Quaffas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

To meet their dear self Friends at Boston,
Though all the Treasures were consign'd them,

Her hapless Knives leave behind them,
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
In stoutest Bark would ne'er sustain,

The Horrors of the Atlantic Main.
Nec partem solido demere de die

Secure from Wars, and dangerous Seas
Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Colonel Jaghire enjoys his Ease;

Buys Land, and Beever, with Indian Gold,
Stratus;
Which some poor English Spirit has sold;

Kings, Lords, and Commons he desires,
The Town is all my own, he cries,

"That cursed Climate I've been hurt in,
And Natch-making grows uncertain—

"This long retreat I'm late from harm in—
How sweet that Wood! that Lawn how charming!"

But ah! his Passion soon returns,
With restless flames his Bosom burns;

¹⁴His Bark he rigs, resolv'd once more,
 The distant Ganges to explore,
 Rather than on his native Ground
¹⁵To starve—on Fourscore Thousand Pound.

¹⁶Oft' will you meet old General Drone:
 A Character at Bath well known;
 The Rooms and Coffee-House he haunts,
¹⁷Drinks sometimes Tea, and sometimes NANTZ:
 Complaining of the Gripes and Vapours,
 He'll ask " what News you've in the Papers
 Then cry, " such Measures we're pursuing,
 " This Nation's on the Brink of Ruin:"—
 But urge him to explain her Wrongs,—
 Down fall the Poker and the Tongs;
 He hums, and haws, and recommends—a—
 —Prescription for the—*Influenza*;
 In Summer, lounging at Spring-Garden,
 In Winter, ev'ry Door bombarding,
 With morning Visits duly paid
 Down from the Crescent to Parade,

¹⁹*nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacra.*

¹⁹His Bark he rigs, reliev'd once more,
The distant Ganges to explore
Rather than on his native Ground
²⁰To starve—on Foulcore Thoulard Pound.

²⁰*Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ*

²¹*Permistus sonitus, ²²bellaque matribus*

Detestata.

²³*Manet sub Jove frigido*

Venator ²⁴teneræ conjugis immemor:

²⁴*Seu ²⁵visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,*

Seu rupit tereteis Marfus aper plagas.

¹⁹His Head he'll in the Pump-Room poke
To catch some stale, unmeaning Joke,
With News and Nonsense for the Day,
²⁰To drive his irksome Hours away.

²⁰Pierc'd with the Fife's, and Trumpet's Voice,
Britannia's warlike Youth rejoice;
²¹The blended Sounds transport their Ear,
²²While trembling, anxious Mother's fear—
These Heroes should desert their Quarters,
To Scotland to entice their Daughters.

²³The northern Blast, and driving Rains
Sir Hardy Thickset well sustains;
²⁴Whether the Hind, or wily Fox
His fleet Hounds urge o'er Vales and Rocks,
He drives the Chace with Perseverance,
²⁵Nor heeds his tender Wife's Endearance,
At Night returning to console her—
With Feats of Bowman and of Jowler.

²⁵ *Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium*

To catch some false, unmeaning Joke

²⁶ *Dii miscent superis :* ²⁷ *me gelidum nemus,*

To drive his itklome Hours away.

²⁸ *Nympharumque leves* ²⁹ *cum Satyris chori*

Pierc'd with the Filic's, and Trumpet's Voice;

³⁰ *Secernunt populo :* ³¹ *si neque tibiae*

Britannia's warlike Youth rejoice;

While trembling, anxious Mother's fear—

Euterpe cohibet : ³² *nec Polyhymnia*

These Heroes should desert their Quarters;

To Scotland to entice their Daughters.

Lesbourn refugit tendere barbiton :

The northern Bluff, and driving Rain

Sir Hardy Thicker well sustains;

Whether the Hind, or wily Fox

His fleet Hounds urge o'er Vales and Rocks,

He drives the Chase with Persistence,

Not heeds his tender Wife's Endearment,

At Night returning to console her—

With Tears of Bowman and of Fowler.

²⁵For me—the verdant Ivy Guerdon
 (Which you, Sir, have my Brows conferr'd on)
 With many an artless Rhyme I jingle,
²⁶Gives me with loftier Bards to mingle:
²⁷Me, to enjoy thy cool Cascade,
 Thy nodding Grove, and checker'd Shade,
²⁸And view the smiling Nymphs advance,
²⁹To join with thee the festive Dance,
 (While every Charm of Art and Nature
 Conspires to grace thy Fête Champêtre)
 Thy kind Indulgence has allow'd,
³⁰And sets me 'bove th' ignoble Crowd;
³¹Content, if sweet Euterpe deign
 To hear my humble Pipe complain;
 Or when beside the Winter Fire,
 With careless Hand I sweep the Lyre,
³²The gay fantastic Polyhymny
 Visit the Corner of my Chimney,
 Inspiring Notes of Joy and Mirth,
 That please, and perish in their Birth:

³³ *Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres*—the verd
(Which you, Sir, have my Brows conferr'd on)

³⁴ *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*—
With many an artless Rhyme I mingle
Gives me with loftier Bards to mingle:

³⁵ Me, to enjoy thy cool Cascade,

Thy nodding Grove, and checker'd Shade,

³⁶ And view the smiling Nymphs advance

³⁷ To join with thee the festive Dance,

(While every Charm of Art and Nature

Conspires to grace thy Fete Champetre)

Thy kind Indulgence I would

³⁸ And let me bore thy humble Crowd;

³⁹ Content, if sweet thy Pipe I hear

To beat my humble Pipe complain;

Or when beside the Winter Fire,

With careless Hand I sweep the Fire,

⁴⁰ The gay fantastic Polychromy

Visit the Corner of my Chimney,

Inspiring Notes of Joy and Mirth,

That please, and perish in their Birth:

³³But if thy fair, thy matchless Dame
 Approve my Verse, and stamp my Fame,
 In concert with well-judging Riggs,
 Assign to me her Myrtle Sprigs,
 And lead me through th' Aonian Path
 To join the vocal Swans of Bath,
 Not *Madge in all her Glory drest,
 Shall rear so high her tow'ring Crest,
³⁴I'll soar above all vulgar Eyes,
 And bear my Plumage to the Skies.

* The Heroine of the subsequent Poem.

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[]
But if thy fair, thy matchless Dame
Approve my Verse, and stamp my Fame,
In concert with well-judging Rigs,
Align to me her Myrtle Sprigs,
And lead me through the Aonian Path
To join the vocal Swans of Bath,
Not *Madge in all her Glory dress,
Shall rear so high her rowing Oars,
I'll soar above all vulgar Foes,
And bear my Plumage to the Skies.

* The Heroine of the subsequent poem.

TO THE READER
AND
ELECTION BALL
IN
POETICAL LETTERS,
IN THE
ZOMERZETSHIRE DIALECT,
FROM
Mr. I N K L E,
A FREEMAN OF BATH,
TO
His W I F E at GLOCESTER.



YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT,
F
MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH NATION COMPARED.
ING LETTERS, WAS THE ANTIEST AND MODERN DRESS AND
AMUSEMENTS OF THE WEEK, AND WHICH OCCURRED THE FOLLOW-
V. B. THE SUBJECT GIVEN OUT BY MRS. MILLER FOR THE POETICAL

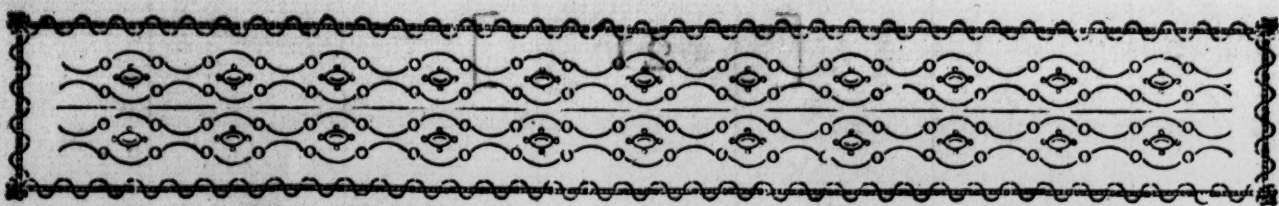
To the R E A D E R.

*T*HE following trifling Performance made it's first Appearance, before a very polite Audience, at Mrs. MILLER's POETICAL COTERIE, at Batheaston Villa; and as it excited amongst my Friends a much greater Degree of Curiosity, than I really think it was worthy of, I take this Method of presenting it to them, rather than by Means of manuscript Copies, which frequently subject an Author to Interpretations very foreign to his Meaning and Intention—And if you should happen to be one of those, my dear Reader, who wish to be diverted at the Expence of any private Character, I would advise you to spare yourself the Trouble of perusing the following Pages, from

Your humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.

N. B. The Subject given out by Mrs. MILLER for the *Poetical Amusements* of the Week, and which occasioned the following Letters, was The ANTIENT and MODERN DRESS and MANNERS of the ENGLISH NATION COMPARED.



LETTER I.

Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At G L O C E S T E R.

CONTAINING

*Female Accomplishments—Preparations for the Ball—Absurdity of
former Ages in Point of Dress and Manners.*

— **A** N D zo, az I told thee before, my dear Wife,—
I'll go to the Ball thof it cost me my Life—
—Must I be shut up, till like poor Neighbour Snarler
I be smok'd like a Joss, in mine own little Parlour?
No—I'd have thee to know that I walks pretty stout
Zince I've vound an invallible Cure vor the Gout;
Vor the Doctor I've try'd has with Wedges and Pegs
Zo stretch'd out my zinews and hammer'd my Legs,

Zo zuppl'd the Joint by tormenting the Tendon—
 My Heel I can raife, and my Toe I can bend down,—
 And will venture vor once to get out of the Bilboes
 And shake at the Ball both my Legs and my Elbows;
 Bezides in a late Correspondence between us
 You zaid I'd a pretty poetical Genus,
 That my Taste was as good, and my Verse as zublime—
 And I knows I've as eafy a Knack at a Rhyme
 As what's his Name—he there—that made zuch a Joke
 Of our poor Couzin Zim, and the Blunderhead Voke;
 Like him I'll ne'er make any Creature uneafy,
 Zo I hopes my Descriptions will equally please 'e.

You may talk, my dear Wife, of your old-fashion'd Veast
 That would laft vor a Month, or a Vortnight at laft,
 Where Aldermen's Wives, and their Daughters would guttle
 And the Hufbands get drunk o'er a Pipe and a Bottle,
 You may boast, if you please, that your County of Glofter
 Will be drunk vor a Twelvemonth, whatever it coft her,
 I thinks our good member is var more polite
 To give us an elegant Dance vor the Night,

And invite at the low Rooms the Nobles to Zupper,
 While Voke of no Vashion drink Tea at the Upper;
 And zince zuch profound Eftimation I'm had in,
 And can talk to a Lord without paying a Vadding,
 I thinks it the beft Entertainment of all,
 To tafte the zweet Cream of a Quality Ball,
 And thither I'll go, tho' I flumps upon Crutches,
 To hear the *Bun Muts* of a Duke or a Dutcheffs.

Our Margery too, who's a Girl of Difcretion,
 And known to moft Perfons of Rank and Condition,
 Is out of all Patience, if chance you admire
 Th' indelicate Veaft of an old Country 'Squire,
 She zays, there be zomething zo vulgar and nafty,
 In greazing your Mouth with a hot Venifon Pafly,
 Which the Freemen of Bath all expected to veaft on
 With their generous Friend the good 'Squire of Batheafon;
 In Pudding there's zomething zo clumsy and clunch,
 And zomething zo vilthy, zo flinking in Punch;
 Nay fhe vows 'twould be ftrange and exceed all Belief,
 Shou'd a Freeman of Bath love a Zurloin of Beef;

And as var as I judge from our eating and drinking—
Our Members be much of the same Way of thinking.

And now I must tell thee, dear Wife, how thy Daughter
Makes a Progres in all the vine Things thou hast taught her;
Not like thy old Grand-Mother Dorothy Distoff,
Who'd spin Half a Day without taking her Vist off;
She'll dance a Cotilion—make Verses—draw Vaces—
Read Novels—zing Catches—and study the Graces.
She've a great many pretty Vrench Words at Command,
That zound vastly zweet, yet I can't understand,
Vor Vrench is a Language zo very genteel,
That a vew little Words will imply a great deal,
Zo very concise, and zo given to vary,
'Tis in vain to apply to your Vocabulary—
Zavee weaver, Bong Tong—that's as much as to zay
We grow more polite and improve ev'ry Day,
That vor eating and drinking we know the best Rules,
And our Vathers and Mothers were Blockheads and Vools,
That Dress, Cards, and Dancing, alone shou'd engage
This var more enlighten'd and delicate Age.

You must know too, that Madge has a wonderful Passion
 To appear like a Lady of very high Vassion,
 Zo I'll tell thee, dear Dinah, how well she contriv'd,
 The very virst Moment her Ticket arriv'd;
 She was pleas'd to be zure—but as often I've bid her
 In weighty Concerns she took Time to konzider,
 Then with Prefence of Mind flying up to the Garret,
 Brought down my old Wig, that's as red as a Carrot,
 And to it she went, dear, ingenious, zweet zoul,
 Drawing up the old Caul 'till it vitted her Pole,
 Then with Dripping and Flow'r did so baste it and frizzle,
 The Hairs all became of a beautiful Grizzle;
 Those Curls which a Barber would view with Despair,
 She did coax, twist, and twine, with zuch skill, and zuch care,
 With Combs, Pins, and Paste, make fuch frequent Attacks on,
 She triumph'd at length—and subdu'd the old Caxon;
 Which done, she the Front in a Cushion did wrap,
 Till the Voretop stood up like a Grenadier's Cap,
 On which all her Jewels at once she display'd
 Bought of Zolomon Zmouch—who was leaving off Trade;
 What a Bargain was there, vor zo trifling a Zum!
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!

Unus'd to zuch vine Decorations as theseom,
 And stuck with a Posie as thick as a Bezom,
 The merry old Bob gave his Ringlets to flow,
 And dangle like Zaufages all in a Row.

What now wouldst thou think could remain to be done,
 To make our dear Madge more completely the Ton?

Vast asleep as I lay, and of thee, my dear, dreaming,
 On a zudden I heard a most horrible screaming,
 ZuchDiscord zoon wak'd me, when vorth from the Casement
 I threw on a zudden mine Eyes with Amazement,
 Vor, as zure as I live, there was Madge in her Smock,
 Laying hard at the Tail of our old Dunghill Cock!
 She've pluck'd'n—and pull'd'n—and torn from the Stump
 All the Veathers that cloath'd his unfortunate Rump,
 And I would I could tell the dear Wife of my Bosom,
 How featly her Daughter doth cut and dispose 'em,
 But to vit a Description to Voke at a Distance,
 Requires supernatural Aid and Assistance,
 I never can make it quite handsome and clever
 Unless POLLY HYMNY will grant me a Favour,

Which Freeman and Poets demand at their Pleasure,
Whenever they chuse it—to alter their Measure:

To a Cap-like a Bat
(Which was once my Cravat)
Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is,
Part stuck upon Gauze
Resembles Mackaws
And all the vine Birds of the Indies.

But above all the rest
A bold Amazon's Crest
Waves nodding from Shoulder to Shoulder,
At once to surprize
And to ravish all Eyes,
To frighten and charm the Beholder.

In short, Head and Feather
And Wig altogether
With Wonder and Joy would delight 'e,
Like the Picture I've seen
Of th' adorable Queen
Of beautiful, blest Otaheitee.

Who gave such a Ball,

To our merry Men all,—

And there did so frisk it and dance it,

Some thought her as vain,—

And some did opine,

'Twas Venus herself in her **TRANZIT**.

But Madge at the **Rooms**,

Must beware of her **Plumes**,

Vor if Vulcan her Veather embraces,

Like poor Lady **LAYCOCK**,

She'll burn like a **Haycock**,

And roast all the **Loves** and the **Graces**.

Oh! I wish you could zee, my dear **Spouse**, all this while

How she copies your zweet irresistible **Smile**!

How she zimpers, and prinks, while the **Glass** is before her,

And calls all the **Cupids** around to adbre her;

With a **Grace** and an **Air** zo genteel and becoming,

Signiora SQUALLINA's new **Minuet** humming,

Now backwards she moves, now her steps doth advance,

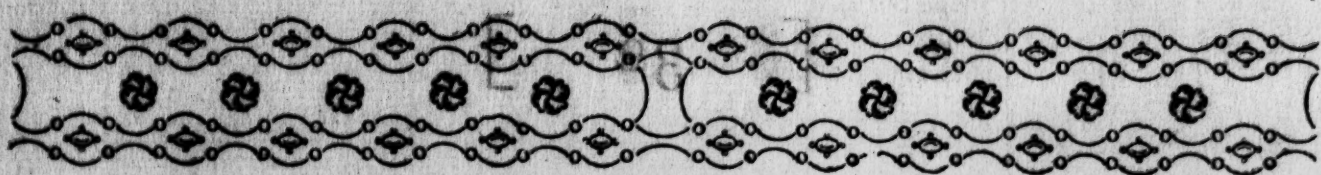
With the zame winning **Ogle**, the zame killing **Glance**,

Which beam'd from your Eyes, with zuch Lustre divine,
 My Marrow they pierc'd, in the Year thirty nine,
 And made me at once zo my Senses forget,
 I fears I have hardly recover'd them yet,
 For why ye must flucco, and whitewash your Faces
 (A Vashion which Madge with zuch Rapture embraces)
 Then ruddle them over like Sheep vor the Market,
 I must own, my dear Wife, I am quite in the Dark yet;
 But have no kind of Doubt, she be quite in the right
 As the World all allows—tis extremely polite,
 Your vine travel'd Ladies, old Madam VAN-CRONE,
 And Lady ROUGE-DRAGON declare tis the Ton.
 Now why need I tell how her Throat she doth raise,
 How *shove up* her Bosom, and *shove down* her Stays?
 Vor to make a young Lady a true polite Figure,
 You must cramp up her Zides, that her Breasts may look bigger,
 And her's thof a Chicken as yet, my dear Dinah,
 Stand vorth vull as plump, and as jolly as thine are;
 And why should she leave any Charm for Conjecture,
 Like the Vigure you zee in your Grandmother's Picture,
 With her Neck in a Ruff, and her Waist in a Girdle,
 And her Throat like a Ram's that is caught in a Hurdle,

Her Head like the Baptist's when plac'd in a Charger—
 I'm zure, my dear Wife, you have long'd to enlarge her,
 You never as yet did those Beauties conceal,
 Which Nature intended your Sex to reveal;
 And I'm happy that Madge has acquir'd such a Spice
 Of your excellent Manners, and wholesome Advice,
 Has the Spirit, the Taste, the good Nature, and Sense,
 To *treat* all Mankind at so small an Expence;
 And whilst I instruct her that Path to pursue,
 So well pointed out, so well trodden by you,
 I'm zure, my dear Dinah, you never can think ill
 Of your ever zincere, and affectionate I N K L E.

BATH, Dec. 4, 1775.





LETTER II.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At G L O C E S T E R:

CONSISTING OF

*Similes—Easy Postures of modern fine Ladies—Well-bred Speeches
—High Life at the Ball—And a doleful Disaster.*

O N C E more, O! ye Muses, from Pindus descend,
And bid all the Greaces your Vootsteps attend,
Who oft' at Elections are wont to prolong
Zome well pointed Epigram, Ballad, or Zong,
With your own odoriferous Water to sprinkle
The Posie I twines, for my dear Mrs. Inkle.

Not launch'd with more Glory, more Splendour, and Pride,
The new-tackled Bark skims adown the brisk Tide,

Her Streamers display'd, and the Wind in her Poop,
 Than Madge zally'd vorth in her Veather and Hoop;
 But how great her Zurprize, when the Men in Despair
 Virst look'd at her Topfail, and then at their Chair,
 Half Grumblin', half Sneering, did zeem quite unwilling,
 Till the Goddes of Wifdom in Shape of a Shilling,
 While Madge was attempting her Rigging to push in,
 With Fingers invifible whipt out the Cushion;
 And then, like a Piftol too big for the Holfter
 Half in, and half out; or an obftinate Bolfter
 (Which I thinks, I have zeen you attempting, my Dear,
 In vain to cram into a fmall Pillowbeer,)
 Thrice did fhe endeavour her Head in to pop,
 And thrice did her Veather catch hold of the Top;
 At length, poor dear Zoul, very ill at her Eafe
 She zat with her Head almoft jamm'd to her Knees;
 I never did yet any Veffel difcern
 Zo high in her Bowfprit, and low in her Stern.
 To conceive how fhe look'd you muft call to your Mind
 The Lady you've zeen in a Lobfter confin'd,
 Or a Pagod in zome little corner inshrin'd,
 Where with Knees both erected, and fquat on his Breech
 Unhappy Divinity fticks in a Nitch.

Indeed it was strange, and surprizing to see her,—
And never, dear Wife, can'st thou form an Idear,

—How cramp't in this Posture

—They wrigg'l'd, and toft her,

While every Step that they trod,

Her Voretop and Nose

Beat Time to their Toes,

And her Veather went,—niddity—nod.

Mean while pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong,

I tott'ring on two Sticks went hobbl'ing along;

Thof I very much fears that ſhe thought me a Fogram,

All ſtuck out in Zattins, and I in my Grogram;

Yet I'd have her to know, in my Zunday Zurtout,

Zilk Hoſe—*new Peruke*—Frill—and Ruffles to Boot,

I claim'd zuch Reſpect, did zuch Favours receive,

I ne'er ſhall vorget 'em as long as I live;

Vor you know, my dear Wife, I eſteems it delicious

To appear in high Life, and am vaſtly ambitious

To be ſqueez'd, as I was, by my Lord Perrywinkle,

With—"your Servant, good Sir,—“how d'y'do Mr. Inkle,

- “ What Joy, my dear Friend, all the World are you giving,
 “ To zee you once more in the Land of the Living!
 “ Zo chearful and brisk too, I'd venture a Million
 “ If you laid down your Cane, you could Dance a Cotillion,—
 “ Your Lady looks charming, I burns to accost her—
 My dear Lord, zays I,—“ Mrs. Inkle's at Glocester—
 “ Lack-a-day, he replies then, 'twas Lady Killwrinkle
 “ Who I thinks is exceedingly like Mrs. Inkle;—
 “ Mrs. Inkle not here!—thic is no Ball without her—
 “ She've carry'd away all the Greaces about her—
 “ Your Lady at Glocester!—and pray do you hear
 “ Mr. Inkle, how Matters are jogging on there?
 “ I've a Friend, my dear Sir, at th' ensuing Election
 “ Who pants to receive your Advice and Protection—
 “ I wish you'd—zays I, “ my dear Lord, zay no more,
 “ Your wish is enough, your Commands I adore,—
 “ And I'm zure Mrs. Inkle will think it an Honour
 “ If your Lordship will lay your kind Orders upon her,
 “ 'Tis true I've no Vote—but I'll use my Endeavour
 “ I have Interest much at your Service however,
 “ Vor I'm promis'd my Lord—but I beg and desire,
 “ I beseech as an Alms you won't let it transpire,

“ Give me Leave just to whisper a Word in your Ear,

“ Let us step in the Card-Room—there’s nobody there,—

“ I am promis’d, my Lord, by old HUMPHRY POT-WOBBLER,—

“ The Votes of three Taylors,—two Smiths,—and a Cobler,—

“ At this, quite transported, one Hand he did put on

“ My Shoulder, with t’other caught hold of my Button,

“ Mr. Inkle, zays he, (and he shook it a little)

“ I profess you have hit this Affair to a Tittle,

“ And zince with zuch Kindness, zuch Friendship, you meant it,

“ Depend upon’t, Sir, you shall never repent it.”—

I thought this Account, my dear Dinah, would please ’e

(And the Irish Establishment now is zo easy)

The least I expect, if Things properly fadge,

Is a Pension for me—and a Husband for Madge ;

Thus with Shrugs, Nods, and Zimpers, each other delighting,

And poking our Heads out, like Game-Cocks a fighting,

We stuck out our Rumps with respect most profound,

And parted like Cart-Whips bent down to the Ground.

Lady D’ OILY PALAVRE, at very first Sight

Was indeed above all kind of Measure polite,

Mr. Inkle, zays she, “ you are quite in the Right,

“ I am zure you’ll be better for coming to Night,

" Miss Madge is so happy, and you are so hearty,
 " Come, come, you shall both drink your Tea in our Party;
 " Here be some queerish Vigures it must be confest,
 " But your Daughter, Miss Inkle, I vow, and protest,
 " Is what I call—prettily—modestly—drest.
 " Young Ladies are often so aukward and raw
 " At their virst coming out, but I never yet saw
 " Bevore so polite an Assembly as this is,
 " An easier, better-bred Creature than Miss is,
 " Quite a Woman of Vashion—now dont you think so,
 " Pray speak the *plain* Truth, my dear GORGE DE CRAPAU?
 Madam, GORGE DE CRAPAU cries,—*Wee, Ma'am, Oh! you'ee*
Von Sharmangest Paerson, I aever vas see—
 But thof my good Lady's Politeness is zuch,
 I fears I have zweated my Carcase too much,
 And Madge I'm afraid at the End of the Chapter
 Will find little Cause for zuch Transport and Rapture,
 And who at the Ball on that Night did appear,
 Who danc'd in the Van, and who limp'd in the Rear,
 What Dukes, and what Drapers, what Barbers, and Peers,
 What Marquises, Earls, and what Knights of the *Shears*,

What Cook, and what Countess, what Nymphs of the Brooms,
 What Mop-scepter'd Queens, came that Night to the Rooms,
 What Dashers of Ink, Pettifoggers, Musicians,
 With *a new and correct List* of all the Physicians,
 I ne'er can in suitable Numbers explain,
 Nor learned *Batheaston's* more musical Train;
 Tho' whilst the fair Virgin at *CLIO's* command,
 Is dipping for Rhymes with her Lilly-white Hand,
 E'en VÆBUS himself in support of the Cause,
 Should pop out his Head from the Tusculan Vauze.*
 Alas! my dear Wife, I can never describe
 Bath's beautiful Nymphs, that adorable Tribe,
 Who like Mexican Queens in the Picture which you may
 Have seen of the Court of the great Montezuma,
 Zat in solemn Array, and diversify'd Plume,
 That shed o'er their Charms it's delectable Gloom,

* Mr. INKLE would be understood to mean an elegant Antique Vase, which was once the Property of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, at his celebrated Tusculanum; and now in the Possession of JOHN MILLER, Esq. at his elegant Villa at *Batheaston*, adorned with a Festoon of Flowers, is appropriated to the Reception of the several poetical Pieces of the respective Candidates for Mrs. MILLER's Myrtle Chaplets; which Pieces are taken out by some young Lady to be read by one of the Company.

But at what Time they heard the Horns ecchoing bellow,
 The Hautboy's shrill twang, the brisk Viddle, the mellow
 Bassoon, and the zweet-grumbling Violoncello,
 At what Time they heard the Men puff and belabour
 With Mouth, Stick, and Vist, the gay Pipe and the Tabor,
 At once they did scuddle, did flutter, and run,
 And take Wing like Wild-Geese alarm'd with a Gun,
 In a moment came bustling and rustling between one,
 Zome coupl'd like Rabbits, a vat and a lean one,
 Zome pranc'd up before, zome did backward rebound,
 While zome more in Earnest, with Looks more profound,
 And sweat-bedew'd Voretops, did lard the lean Ground;
 But others more neat, on the Pastern arose,
 Like the Vigure of PAN, whom you've zeen I zuppose,
 Just saluting the Turf with the Tips of his Toes;
 And as nothing, I thinks, can more please and engage
 Than a contrast of Stature, Complexion, and Age,
 Miss CURD with a Partner as black as OMIAH,
 KITTY TIT shook her Heels with old Doctor GOLIAH,
 And little JOHN CROP, like a Poney just nickt,
 With long DOLLY LOADERHEAD scamper'd and kickt,—

Ah! zweet DOLLY LOADERHEAD—who can believe
 Who for Truth zuch Reports of bright Beauty receive?
 Yet I hears—tho' perfum'd you zuch Odours display,
 And breathe in December the Fragrance of May,
 If your Head were well *open'd* by Loufe-piercing *DUNN,
 We should all be convinc'd, by more Zenses than one,
 Tho' zo powder'd and plumag'd it came to the Veast,
 It had ne'er tasted Small-comb this Twelvemonth at least.
 As for Madge, thof young SQUIRT had been promis'd the Honour,
 BILLY DASHER stept forth, and at once seiz'd upon her;
 His Air was zo pleasing, zo zoft were his Speeches,
 Not to mention his new zattin Flesh-colour'd Breeches,
 With a Shoe like a Sauce-boat, and Steeple-clock'd Hofe,
 And a zilken Zoubize, that bob'd up to his Nose,
 With a Watch in each Pocket, one lent by his Mother,
 To prove that one Leg should keep Time with the other,
 With a Club like a Coach-Horse's Tail in a Strap,
 And his Coat like his Beaver curtail'd of its Flap,
 With a Sleeve you'd have zworm had been sew'd to his Arm,—
 No Wonder, dear Wife, BILLY DASHER should charm;
 While with Flames that keen Jealousy's Rage did improve,
 Poor SQUIRT felt the heart-rending Passion of Love.

* A celebrated Hair-Dresser at BATH.

Thus var, my dear Spouse, both your Husband and Daughter
 Met a deal of Respect, Entertainment, and Laughter,
 Vor wherever we went, you've no Reason to doubt us,
 We carry'd a Pow'r of good *Humour* about us:
 But alas! my good DINAH, I would I much better
 Could end this zincere, this affectionate Letter,
 Could for ever conceal, what with Tear-blubber'd Cheek,
 The zad Melpomene commands me to speak,
 Commands me to tell thee, the dismalest Story,
 That ever befel a poor Nymph in her Glory.

The Dance was just o'er, and *I burnt* to employ
 My Time on more zolid, more rational Joy,
 Life's truest Delights were prepar'd to begin,—
 Vor the Zupper, dear DINAH, was just carry'd in,
 And the worthy good Dr. ABDOMEN and I
 Had just vound a Crow in a Perigord Pie,
 And (what I did think was exceedingly pleasant,)
 Cut up an old Fowl stuck with Tail of a Pheasant,
 When SQUIRT, who had long been attempting in vain
 The Pangs of Resentment and Love to restrain,
 At length lost all Patience; his Heart fell a throbbing,
 When he zaw BILLY DASHER with MADGE hob-a-nobbing,

And thought he might better give Vent to his Pain,
 Than add to his Heat by the *Zoup a la Rain*,
 Zo to please his Revenge, he pretended to stoop,
 And on poor BILLY DASHER dispos'd of his Zoup,
 And *Zoup a la Rain* zo exceedingly rich is,
 It vasten'd like Glue to his Flesh-colour'd Breeches,
 At once he did roar, kick, and scamper, and swear,
 In vain like old HARCULES striving to tear
 The Gift zo tenacious, which SQUIRT with a Grin
 Protested and vow'd was ne'er meant for his Skin;
 BILLY tugg'd at his Zattins till all in a Fright,
 The Misses scream'd out at zo shocking a Sight,
 And the Dæmon of Discord with Menaces loud,
 And Revenge at his Heels had assembl'd a Crowd:
 Alas! how my Zoul was prophetic of Evil!
 (Oh! I wish that old BARNABY BUZZ at the Devil)
 He, vorfooth, of all others must needs interpose,
 As in Quarrels for ever He's thrusting his Nose;
 As zure as you live, that conceited old Prig
 The Candle knock'd down on poor Margery's Wig,
 At once the fierce Deity zeiz'd on her Plume,
 Made all her combustibile Noddle to fume,

And whilst my old carrotty Caxon was zinging,
 Zome call'd out for GULLIVER—zome for the Engine—
 But what I did think was genteeler and kinder,
 A well-behav'd Gentleman stepping behind her,
 To prevent all Misfortunes proceeding from Fire,
 As his Wife and his Zister were sitting just by her,
 (Like an honest, good Man, who employs all his Labours,
 To save his own House—by destroying his Neighbour's)
 In spite of old Vulcan caught hold of the Cawl,
 And away flew Wig, Veathers, and Poesy and all;
 Then as if all the Devils in Hell meant to plague us,
 (Ah! pies take that vilthy, d-n'd Punch and the Negus)
 Spight of all that I zaid in my former Epistle—
 Madge had taken a Drap, just to moisten her Whistle,
 Prescrib'd her, she tells me, by young Mr. SQUIRT
 Who vow'd—and protested—'twould do her no Hurt,
 (Tho' Punch, you well know, if it chance to oppress us
 In the very best Company's apt to distress us)
 Alas! she who lately Bath's Beauties among,
 Shone voremot and vairest of all the gay Throng,
 Now wigless, unveather'd, with Eyes of Despair,
 That star'd like a Jack-daw's when caught in a Snare,

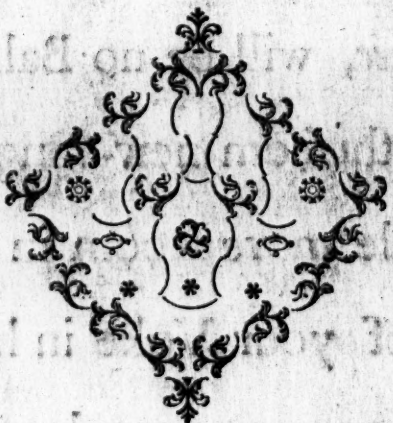
With Locks standing up in the Front like a Teazil,
 Behind, sticking out like the Tail of a Weasel,
 With Sack, Hoop, and Stay, pinch'd, and sweated to Death,
 Stood and gasp'd like a Turtle that's panting for Breath.
 Zo for fear I should hear some *d-n'd Rhymers* remarking
 The Fate of my Wig and the Tail of the Darking,
 Thof at Dinner I'd made but a slender Repast,
 As bevore a great Veast one may venture to vast,
 I e'en hobbl'd off, and without any Zupper,
 Was vorc'd to go Home to unlace and unhoop her.

But if ever again at these Balls I appear,
 (Thof a Ball *without thee*, will be no Ball, my Dear,)
 Let us banish a while theseom new-vangled Ways,
 And give Madge a little more Room in her Stays;
 Vor as to the Modes of your Voke in high Life,
 I fears we are all in the wrong, my dear Wife;
 As to eating—I zwear in the very virst Instance,
 I'll vall aboard zomething that makes a Resistance,
 I thinks it a Zin and a Scandal to waste
 My Time and my Teeth upon outlandish Paste,
 Fill'd with 'Truffles, Morelles, and zuch d-n'd nasty Stuff,
 That agrees with our modern vine Youth well enough,

And no doubt our good Member pays full enough for it,
 But the World shall all know I detest and abhor it;
 And tho' Mrs. Madge it exceeds your Belief,
 I loves a good Slice of old English Roast Beef;
 Let me; my Dear, take my Beer, Smouze and Carouze,
 And you'll vind me all Night your affectionate Spouze,

— IN K L E.

BATH, Dec. 5, 1775.



Price Two SHILLINGS and Six-PENCE.